

The Department of Music
of

The University of Alberta

presents

HEATHER NOSEWORTHY, mezzo soprano

assisted by

JANE O'Dea, piano

Friday, September 18, 1981 at 5:00 p.m.
Convocation Hall, Old Arts Building

Christmas Oratorio,

"Prepare thyself Zion" (1734). Johann Sebastian Bach
(1685-1750)

"Liebe schwärmt auf allen Wegen"

from Goethe's "Claudine von Villabella" (1815). Franz Schubert

"Im Frühling" (1826). (1797-1828)

"Nacht und Träume" (1823).

"Seligkeit" (1816).

"Ici-bas" (1874). Gabriel Fauré

"Rencontre" (1878). (1845-1924)

"Mai" (1862).

INTERMISSION

Va! laisse couler mes larmes

aria from "Werther" (1892). Jules Massenet
(1842-1912)

Tonadillas. Enrique Granados

La Maja de Goya (1867-1916)

El Majo Timido

El Mirar de la Maja

Callejeo

La Maja Dolorosa No. 1

El tra la la y el punteado

This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the
Bachelor of Music degree for Ms. Noseworthy.

TRANSLATIONS

"Liebe schwärmt auf allen Wegen" (Goethe)
"Love wanders on every road"

Love wanders on every road
Fidelity lives by herself alone
Love advances swiftly to meet you
Fidelity must be sought

"Im Fruhling" (Schulze)
"In Spring"

Silent I sit on the hillside
the heavens are so clear,
the breeze plays in the green valley,
where, in spring's first gleam
I was once, ah, so happy.

where at her side I walked,
so fondly and so close,
and, deep in the dark rocky stream,
saw the fair heavens blue and bright,
and in the heavens her too.

She, how gaily-coloured spring
peeps from bud and blossom!
All blossom is not alike to me
most gladly from that branch I'd pick
from which she once picked.

For all is still as once it was,
the flowers and the field;
no less brightly shines the sun,
and no less kindly in the stream
heaven's blue image floats.

Will and delusion, they only change,
joy alternates with quarrel,
happiness of love flies by,
and love alone remains,
love, and ah, the pain.

Oh, if only I were a tiny bird,
there on the meadow's bank,
then on these branches here I'd stay.
and sing a sweet song of her,
all the summer through.

"Nacht und Träume" (Collin)
"In Praise of Night"

Hallowed night, you are descending;
dreams, too, come drifting down-
like your light through these trees-
delightfully through the hearts of men.

They listen furtively with joy;
they call out when the day breaks:
Come back, hallowed night!
Gracious dreams, come back again!

Seligkeit - Bliss (Hölty)

Joy and peace and love reign in Heav'n above;
Angels praise God's glory such the ancient story
Would that I were there such sweet bliss to share.

Each one at his side has a heav'n-ly bride;
Harps in strains entrancing, play to song and dancing.
Would that I were there such sweet bliss to share.

I would rather stay here, with thee! says May,
Sit here at thy side, love, as thy bonnie bride, love!
And with one sweet kiss seal our heav'nly bliss.

"Ici-bas" - Down here (Prudhomme)

Down here all lilacs die,
All songs of the birds are short,
I dream of summers that endure forever!
Down here lips fade
And leave nothing of their velvet,
I dream of kisses that last forever!
Down here all men weep
For their friendships or their loves...
I dream of couples who remain,
who remain always together!

"Rencontre" - "Meeting" (Grandmougin)

I was sad and thoughtful when I met you;
today I feel less my persistent pain.
O tell me, could you be the un hoped for women
and the ideal dream, vainly pursued?
O passer-by with the sweet eyes, can you then be the friend
who will restore happiness to the lonely poet,
and will you shine upon my steadfast soul
as the native sky upon an exiled heart?

Your sadness, like mine,
loves to watch the sunset on the sea!
Faced with immensity, your ecstasy awakens,
And the charm of the evening is dear to your beautiful soul.
A mysterious and sweet sympathy
already binds me to you as with a living tie,
and my soul trembles, invaded by love,
and my heart cherishes you without knowing you well!

"Mai" - "May" (Hugo)

As May, all in flower, calls us to the meadows,
Come, do not cease to bring close to your heart
The countryside, the woods, the charming shades,
The vast reflections of the moon over the shores of sleepy rivers,
The path that ends where the road begins,
And the air, the Spring and the immense horizon
The horizon modest and cheerful, which the world places
As a lip at the bottom of the gown of the skies.
Come, and let the gaze of the chaste stars,
Falling on earth through so many veils,
The tree, imbued with perfumes and songs,
The warm wind of the South in the fields,
And the shadow, and the Sun, and the tide and the greenery,
And the radiance of all nature,
Let them brighten, like a twofold flower,
The beauty of your face and the love in your heart!

Va! laisse couler me larmes - Aria from "Werther"
No! let all my tears continue

No, let all my tears continue,
They do so much good, O my dearest!
For tears unshed will surely fall,
In the soul they will sink, retreating,
Persistent drops forever beating
A sorrowful heart, held in thrall.
And thus resistant, with grief unspoken,
The heart is weak, tired out of woe.
So deep a well will not o'erflow;
Too frail a heart is crushed and broken.

"La Maja de Goya" - "The Maja of Goya" (Periquet)

I will never forget in my life
The distinguished and beloved image of Goya.
There is not a woman, or maja, or lady
Who does not miss Goya now.
If I found one who would love me
As he loved me,
I should not covet, no, nor desire
Greater fortune or happiness

"El Majo Timido" - "The Timid Majo" (Granados)

There is a majo who comes to my window in
the evening and looks at me.
As soon as he sees me and sighs, he goes off
down the street.
Oh! what a dullard of a man,
If this is the way it will be,
A fine time I shall have.

"El Mirar de la Maja" - "The Gaze of the Maja"

Why do my eyes have this deep look?
I must lower my lids to make scorn and hatred.
Such fire they give forth
That if by chance with passion I fix them on my love,
They make me blush.

Callejeo - Street-rambling

For two hours I have walked the streets
Nervously and restlessly, but I cannot find
Him to whom I trustingly gave my soul.
I have never met a man who lied more
than the majo who betrays me now.
But he will find it of no avail,
For I was always a resourceful woman,
And if it is necessary,
I will follow him relentlessly all over Spain.

"La Maja Dolorosa" - "The Sorrowful Maja No. 1"

O Cruel death! why did you by treachery
Take my majo, my passion?
I don't want to live without him,
For it is death to live so.
It is impossible now to feel more pain:
My soul is dissolved in tears.
Oh God! Return my love,
For it is death to live so.

El tra la la y el punteado - The tra la la and guitar strum

It is useless, my majo,
For you to persist,
For there are some things which I answer
Always with a song.
No matter how much you question,
You will not distress me,
I will not end my song.

